TILDEN AT HOME.

HIS PALATIAL CITY AND COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

Greystone, the Country Seat in Which He Now Lives—His House at Gramercy Park, the Former Mecca for Politicians. Mr. Tilden's Tastes and Studies.

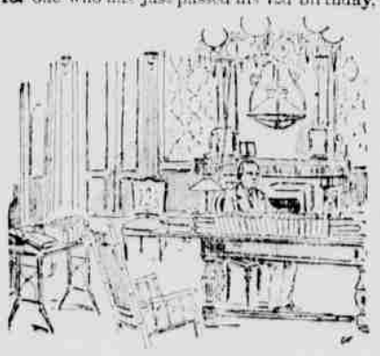
[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—If the political history of the past quarter of a century could be faithfully and impartially written; if due credit were given to those who have been leaders of public thought, guides of public opinion, it would be found that the "Sage of Greystone," the quiet and unostentatious Samuel J. Tilden, though a frail little man, has been a giant among the movers of men and events. But an acknowledgment of his public services cannot be made in his day nor likely in his generation, if they are ever made. The partisanship of his political opponents and the jealousies of members of his own party will prevent it.

These are thoughts that would occur to an unprejudiced observer after visiting Greystone and seeing Mr. Tilden among his charts and books and studies.

GREYSTONE.

Mr. Tilden's country home at Greystone is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about eighteen miles from the New York city hall, and is one of the first among the beautiful homes of America. It was built by John T. Waring, a Massachusetts hat manufacturer, who made his money, it is said, by using convict labor. The building and farm of about 100 acres cost him $460,000. Mr. Tilden bought it in 1879 and has since been constantly at work improving it. Every day that is not stormy he can be seen inspecting the various portions of his "farm," as he calls it, and it is a farm, and an exceedingly well regulated one, the stock being the very best procurable. The greenhouses and grapery, erected during this year, are at present taking much of Mr. Tilden's attention. He purposes to rival Mr. Gould in his collection of plants, and his fruit houses are designed to supply grapes and peaches all the year round. But it is the interior of the house that interests one most, particularly at this season. I can never forget an incident of my first visit to Greystone. It was in the fall of '83. My guide through the house on that occasion was Mr. Andrew H. Green, the ex-comptroller of New York city, who resides with Mr. Tilden. A telegram caused Mr. Green to excuse himself from me for a time while I enjoyed the works of art and magnificent old clocks in the spacious hall which runs through the building from east to west. Being attracted to the farther end of the hall, I passed Mr. Tilden's study just as the door opened, when I saw a picture that startled me. It was Mr. Tilden as an invalid, with a napkin pinned over his chest, and his niece, Miss Pelton, assisting him with his food, for the carrying of which his hands were too unsteady. This was at a time when papers throughout the country were calling on him to again be a candidate for the presidency. I thought of how few could understand that his feeble body carried one of the brightest intellects of our time, and what a subject it would have made for the caricaturists, so I refrained from telling of it until now, when Mr. Tilden's condition is better known. Mr. Tilden has been for years almost deprived of the use of his hands. The relaxation of the vocal chords will not permit him to speak above a whisper, and at times scarcely that. Otherwise his condition is very good for one who has just passed his 73d birthday.



MR. TILDEN IN HIS STUDY.

Few students devote as much time to their books as Mr. Tilden, and fewer possess, in such a remarkable way, the faculty of grasping, analyzing and retaining all they read. I took a hasty glance at the numerous books which were conveniently arranged on his study table. They all appeared to be either the memoirs of statesmen or pertained to statesmanship or economic subjects in some way. At every turn in the house are cases of books, each devoted to some special subject. Through the services of his amanuensis and two valets he is enabled to bring to hand immediately any work he desires to refer to. Often he will send a special messenger to his city house in Gramercy park for a book to assist him in his investigations. Like the great general he is, he has a room devoted to topography, where maps and charts of the whole world are kept for reference. The house throughout is furnished with every convenience that excellent taste could suggest, from a steam engine in the cellar to the powerful telescope in the upper chamber of the tower. The northern wing of the building is devoted, with the exception of a spacious billiard room, to the dozen servants and the culinary department. The walls of the house are hung with works of art of the choicest kind, prominent among which are excellent reproductions of the treasures of the vatican. Above the parlor, music and reception rooms at the south side of the building are Mr. Tilden's apartments. The remainder of the house has accommodations for probably twenty-five guests. The house and grounds are constantly open to visitors. His guests number many of the most prominent public men of the country.

This is the house that was the Mecca for politicians until a few years ago. Here campaigns were planned, lines of policy discussed, and reconciliations between rival candidates and organizations effected. The house has recently been rebuilt. It is fitted out even more sumptuously than Greystone. Here is Mr. Tilden's great law library. It, together with his other books, occupy five large rooms in an absolutely fireproof portion of the building. While Mr. Tilden lives these houses shall continue to be the resort for the leaders of the party whose

THE GRAMERCY PARK HOUSE.

interests have been assiduously fostered there, and where its younger members may draw inspiration and learn political wisdom. They are, in fact, temples devoted to statesmanship, and for that reason are of interest to every citizen. S. H. HORGAN.

Sam Small, the Evangelist.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Sam Small, his wife and four children have been in this city for a week. The head of the family has come to assist Sam Jones in waging war on the devil, and if they do not break up some long standing friendships between Chicagoans and the evil one it is not because they are not painting him black enough. The career and style of the Rev. Sam Jones is familiar to most readers, but it is in no way more interesting than that of his associate.

SAM SMALL.

Sam Small comes from an old and honored Louisiana family, was born in New Orleans, and received his education in the best colleges of this country. He is not yet 35 years old, but has had an eventful career. Journalism was his first choice as a profession, and he wrote many original and forcible articles that drew attention from all quarters. As a stenographer and penman he is proficient, and has reported some of the most noted trials in the south. He was successively private secretary to Gen. Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens and Gen. Joseph E. Brown. Like many other clever writers, Sam became fond of spending his time in convivial company, and was frequently unfitted for work by long periods of drunkenness, which were often of a desperate character. When once started on a spree he would not stop until nature could no longer stand the strain, and he would then become completely prostrated. During these times of recuperation he wrote the verses and negro sketches of "Old Si," that have made him familiar everywhere to newspaper readers. His speech is singularly smooth, polished and entertaining, and he possesses in a very marked degree the natural eloquence of the educated southerner. He was in constant demand in political contests, and often when in a maudlin condition would astonish his hearers by the brilliancy of thought and aptness of expression. Once, when in Washington with a delegation, he was so overcome by dissipation at a banquet as to fall asleep. He was nudged by a friend, who said: "Come, Sam, they are waiting for you to speak." "What about?" inquired Sam, in a drowsy sort of way. Being told the subject, he rose and braced himself against a corner of the table and delivered such a breezy and graceful speech that it was voted the success of the evening.

His conversion and reformation are the most remarkable things in his career. One night he suddenly left his dissolute companions and went home, never again to be seen in their company. It was done with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and for a long time his former comrades did not know what had become of him. He had stopped his course of debauchery as though struck dead in the midst of a feast. He is now an inveterate cigarette smoker, and defends the habit.

It is remarked by any one who listens to Small that he is a wonderfully gifted offhand speaker. It took him some little time to accustom himself to the applause with which our audiences greet his remarks. Their religious fervor does not prevent them from knowing a good thing when they hear it, and then showing their appreciation.

FRANK BELL.

The McCullough Monument.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—The design for the monument to be erected to the memory of the great actor McCullough has been definitely decided upon, and steps are now being taken to raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the memorial. The committee have adopted a design in the simple style of the Roman republic, of which a sketch is given above. It is proposed to construct a crypt for the remains, and the superstructure is to be of granite thirty-two feet high, surmounted by a statue of Fame.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT.

The open arch will cover a statue of the great actor in bronze, heroic size, in the character of Virginius, elevated upon a pedestal five feet high. In deference to the wishes of the family and the strongly expressed public opinion, it has been decided to erect the monument in Philadelphia. The cost of the work will be about $21,000. It is felt by the committee having the matter in charge that this should be borne alone by the loving friends, of whom no one had more, as a last tribute to one of the most genial of men. Few men had so many sincere admirers while alive; few men could be heartier friends or more genial companions, and few men had a smaller number of enemies than the late John McCullough. Therefore it is confidently expected that the small sum necessary to erect a suitable monument to the man whose genius will ever be a tower of fame, a monument such as no sum of money can buy, will be promptly forthcoming as a loving tribute from the host of friends who mourn his loss.

WALTER YOUNG.

GOUGH'S LAST WORDS.

THEY WERE: "YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

He Knew How to Reform Drunkards Because He Himself Was a Reformed Drunkard—Eight Thousand Six Hundred Lectures.

[Special Correspondence.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 24.—Here on Saturday last was laid to rest the body of John B. Gough. There is one very remarkable incident connected with this sudden taking off. Early in the season he had an engagement to lecture in the Frankford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, but was obliged to give it up on account of ill health. Another date was made for him, that of Monday night, Feb. 15. He arrived at the church on time and began his lecture on "Peculiar People." But he seldom spoke on any subject without sooner or later touching on the topic which was ever nearest his heart—temperance.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

On this night, after speaking not quite three-quarters of an hour, he glided into a talk on the deadly effects of drunkenness. He was never more fiery, never more eloquent. He gesticulated abundantly, and threw all the dramatic power of his nature into his words. His audience was magnetized and thrilled as seldom in their lives. He adjured young men with all the intensity of his soul to abjure the serpent of alcohol. He raised his tones, and in a fervid, powerful voice exclaimed:

"YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

Immediately after it was observed that he threw his arms into the air, and that his head dropped upon his chest. He was always intensely dramatic, and the audience thought this was mere gesticulation. Some were even still deceived when the orator fell forward upon the platform. But he did not rise. Some of those present lifted him and carried him to a sofa. There was intense excitement among the overwrought audience then. A physician present came forward, examined him, and said that Mr. Gough was stricken with apoplexy. His left side was suddenly paralyzed. He lingered two days, unconscious, and died. Death came to him in the way that all warriors who fight the good fight would choose—suddenly, in battle, with his armor on. But the last message he left his fellow man is strangely significant. When he uttered the words his feet were already upon the borders of the invisible country.

"Young man, keep your record clean."

It is John B. Gough's message from the other world.

His history is familiar to almost every child in America. He had been lecturing on temperance as far back as many of us can remember, so long, indeed, it almost seemed that, like Tennyson's brook, he had been going on forever. Yet we find that he was only 68 years of age—not so very old, after all, in these times when people live to be 110. But he had spoken in public more times than any other man living, probably than any other man dead. In one year he lectured 386 times, 21 times more than there were days. In all he had delivered at the time of his death about 8,600 lectures, and had traveled half a million miles. It is not too much to say either that he permanently reformed hundreds if not thousands of drunkards. He did this all the more effectually because he was a reformed drunkard himself. Those cold, rigid purists with a turnip in their breasts instead of a heart, who sit calmly back and lecture the drunkard on the enormous sin of inebriety, little know the molten fire of craving that consumes his soul. But John B. Gough knew how it was himself. The snakes, the scorpions and the burning-eyed demons of delirium tremens had lashed him in the midnight watches. His final escape from alcohol is one of the most magnificent triumphs of the human will on record, if it was indeed simply that, and not also a power outside of and beyond himself.

John B. Gough seems to have been raised up to do a great work. He himself always felt it to be so. His gifts and the money they brought him were alike used for the good of his fellow man. His birth was English, his origin so poor and humble that when he was 12 years old his father apprenticed him to a family coming to America. He sent the boy away from him and across the water, in the hope that in the new world he might rise above the poverty and lowliness from which there was no hope that he could emerge in the old. Poor people cannot afford to have feelings.

He worked on a farm at first; then became a bookbinder in a Methodist publishing house. He was of a warm genial nature, with marvelous dramatic talent. He never had more than the rudiments of an education. The power he possessed came wholly by nature. He sunk, in youth, to the lowest depths of degradation. He was discharged from one situation after another. He married, but lost his wife and infant child by death. It was said that his drunkenness partly caused the death of his girl wife. He felt as if it was so, and drank deeper to drown the sting of it. A Quaker, Mr. Stratton, found him reeling crazy drunk through the streets of this city in 1842, and induced him to go to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. After that came a terrific struggle of a week to keep the pledge. The struggle nearly killed him. He came out of it weak as an infant, but he triumphed. Shortly afterwards he began lecturing. The chapter of his autobiography in which he described the horrors of that week is almost blood chilling. He had a power of language which put things with the vividness of a lightning flash. He went to lecture in England on temperance early in his career, and the students of Oxford university hissed and egged him, so unpopular was his cause in the land of porter and brown stout.

Once after signing the pledge he relapsed, but only for a short time. An English writer says it is mainly to John B. Gough that the United States owes its comparative freedom from drunkenness. He lectured over forty years, and never overcame his stage fright. He always wanted to run away the first moment when he faced an audience. This feeling grew on him of late years. He never wrote out a lecture or made a note of his speeches beforehand. A neighbor of his told me last fall that Gough was a poor man. His charity was as large as his earnings. He had a beautiful country home near here. He was much beloved by his neighbors. The principal treasure of his home was a very fine collection of the art works of George Cruikshank, the teetotalist painter and friend of Gough. Among those whom Gough's bounty supported in recent years were the widow and children of Mr. Stratton, the good Quaker who reclaimed him from inebriety. It is good to leave such a record as his behind one.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Cabinet Creamers.

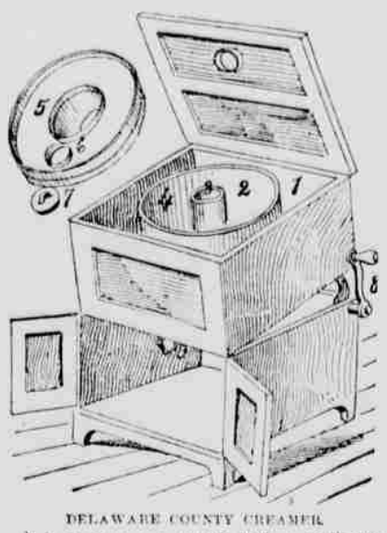
It is claimed that quite one-third, if not one-half, the labor of taking care of milk is saved by the use of one of the "creamers" lately invented. They are coming into use steadily, but very slowly. Farmers are conservative.

The principle upon which they are built is that of cold, deep setting to make cream rise. That is to say, instead of using ten shallow milk pans that all have to be scalded and lifted separately, use one deep one cool the milk suddenly, by ice or very cold water around the can, let it stand twelve to twenty-four hours, and you will get more cream than by the shallow setting in the ten pans.

The creamers that have been made have one or more cans for the milk, with tanks about them for ice water. Thoroughly cold water will also do very well. After the cream has risen the skim milk is drawn off by a tap from below. Another tap draws the water off.

We have secured illustrations of two approved creamers for our agricultural readers' benefit. They are, or ought to be, advertised in all papers that go among farmers.

The first is the



DELAWARE COUNTY CREAMER.

It is, as you see, a box with a milk can inside. The tap, or faucet, is nickel plated, and can be taken apart and scalded. The water tank is zinc lined. In the illustration, 1 is the water tank, or cooler, and 2 is the milk pan. You will observe, in the center, a tube or well, marked 3. This is a tube from the water tank that rises in the center of the milk pan. As the water is poured into No. 1, it rises in the tube No. 3 to the same level. Thus the milk has a cold temperature all around the outside and in the center. This helps on the quick cooling, which is the main thing to make the cream rise.

To the left of the main illustration you observe No. 5, the cover to the milk pan. This fits down tight over the pan, and also has a rim rounded up on the outside, forming a cup to hold more cold water. It has a little tube-like round opening, 6, with raised rim for ventilation. This has a little cap, 7, which fits over it when desired. Thus the whole can be sealed. Leave No. 6 open while the milk is cooling.

No. 8 is the tilting lever. By lifting this you tilt the milk dish and the water cooler forward, letting the skim milk run out clean. The picture shows the creamer with its top tilted forward. When it is in use the top part sits upon the lower portion, straight up and down. The hole in the cover of the cabinet is to admit the hose that conveys water from the spring or windmill to the creamer, where farm houses are so fortunate as to have a running spring or windmill. The compartment below in the creamer serves as a refrigerator to store cream and keep it cool. With the Delaware county creamer the skim milk is drawn off twelve hours after each milking, the pan is cleansed and thoroughly scalded ready for the new milking. It would be well to have an extra pan or crock, so that one may be sunned while the other is in use. The manufacturers should act on this suggestion, if they have not already done so. The sun's rays are marvelously purifying for milk utensils.

MOSELY CREAMER.

Another approved creamer is shown in the second illustration. After the minute explanation of Fig. 1 this needs not the going into of details. It has several compartments, so that milk of different ages may be kept separate.

Some of the advantages of a cabinet creamery are in the butter making. It keeps the cream of uniform temperature and allows it all to ripen or sour at one time, when wanted for churning. It saves the back-breaking work of lugging milk and milk pans up and down cellar and all around. It saves three-quarters of the labor of washing milk utensils. It helps to make dairy work, the heaviest of all labor farm women have to perform, easy. The creamers are of different sizes and prices, from those holding milk from four cows up to thirty or forty. More cream can be got from milk by this method than in any other way. The cost of a cabinet creamer is from $26 up according to size.

Farming in Colorado.

The eastern farmer depends solely upon, and thinks he can raise nothing without rain, while the farmer in Colorado, who can take water from the natural streams and distribute it over his land, wants no rain—would not have it. He never loses a crop if he understands his business. He fears no drouth, but rejoices in the bright sunshine of a cloudless sky, applying moisture when needed, and keeping it off when not needed. To those who think Colorado is a vast, dry, sandy and desolate desert it may sound strange to say that a drouth is unknown. But it is even so. Our soil is never too wet to plow, and never too dry and hard to turn. Our pastures are always green, crops always fresh and vigorous until the period of maturity ripens them.

Although irrigation is a necessity, it is by no means so expensive as one would suppose. It is really a blessing no other people enjoy, because it places the making of all crops in the farmers' own hands, and saves them from all failure. It also makes every crop an average crop, and often doubles it.

While rain in all sections comes free to all, the want of it is a hundred times more expensive than all our great canals, ditches and means of applying water artificially to the crops. While our neighbors on the east suffer untold losses from dry seasons the farmer here, with his foot or two of water, makes his sure annual average. In Colorado there are many streams under whose flow of water millions of acres are yet unfenced and unbought. Although there are now in the state over 1,000 miles of canals, capable of irrigating over 1,500,000 acres, the half is not yet surveyed. In the southern part of the state canals are being projected that will furnish land for thousands of families.

The amount of water required to irrigate 100 acres ten years ago will now irrigate double that area, from the fact that we have better facilities for distributing water and applying it. Owing to the character of the soil, lay of land and the methods of using it, the cost of water varies from $1.50 to $3 per acre annually. The conclusions reached by the state engineer are that upon an average a cubic foot of water per second will irrigate about fifty-five acres. This, however, appears to be a very small area, for in some countries a cubic foot will irrigate seventy or eighty acres.—Prof. McCloud.

The Pasture.

Every farmer knows the importance of sunlight, and plenty of it, with his growing plants. No man would be foolish enough to attempt to grow a crop of wheat, corn or oats in the woods. Indeed, every care is taken to always cut down all the trees that in any measure tend to shade the fields where these grains are grown. It is agreed that grass is a patient and long-suffering plant, that will thrive better than anything that is not actually a weed, under the most adverse circumstances; but this is no excuse for the neglect and abuse it often meets with. The poorest and rockiest hillsides are set apart for it, and even the woods are only trimmed up a little to let in enough light and air to encourage a spindled and sickly growth. Such grass makes very poor flesh, and still poorer milk. The cow that fattens on it does so at such an expense of labor in finding it and in the effort to assimilate it that her flesh becomes as hard and stringy as vulcanized rubber. That she knows better than to feed upon such stuff is very evident by her constantly feeding in the open sunshine when she can, and in such spots the grass will always be noted as very short and making a thick sod. Now take a hint from this, and clear out all the brush and spare trees and add a little manure to the bare spots, even if you have to buy it. Sow more seeds on the snow, and pick up the rocks to give more room for the grass to grow. Now is a good time to do the tree trimming and seed sowing, before the rush of work begins in the spring.—American Dairyman.

Tough on the Farm Laborer.

We are not mistaken in the difference in the economy of common laborers fifty years ago, and at present. They used to try and save and succeeded wonderfully. At this period in history, after a person has worked eight months in the year at good wages for five years, if an inventory be taken at the beginning of spring of his capital stock, it will be found that he has an old pipe, an old greasy pocket book, a jack knife, a fancy necktie and probably an old extra pair of winter boots.

He can lose the axe off the bobsled in going to the timber, and the end board to the wagon box in going to the mill. It is just as easy for him to lose as it is for a mosquito to bite. And then again he can forget more in one day than you can think of in a week. He can exhibit his strength by breaking a twenty-five cent fork handle in pitching hay, and display his weakness by setting a steel trap for a weasel and catch a $3 hen—dead. He makes a $1 for you to-day and loses it to-morrow.—Iowa Register.

Crushing and Cutting Corn Fodder.

I find by practical experience that corn fodder is more than doubled in value by crushing and cutting it. I use a cutter that crushes before cutting and that cuts one-fourth of an inch long, rendering it all palatable for all kinds of stock, and eaten readily without the least waste. And for me, a pound of stalks that have been harvested at the proper time, and well cured, is equal to a pound of the best hay. This may seem to many a little overdrawn. Before I had learned it by experience it would have appeared to me absurd. A vast amount of stalks are thrown away, so to speak, by being thrown out in barn yards and fields in the foddering of stock, and in the majority of cases but very little benefit is secured from the practice. The leaves and husks are eaten, and what I have found to be better, the stalks, are wholly lost as a food.

This Season of the Year.

Manure should be put around rhubarb roots and the small fruits, and upon the asparagus beds, as soon as the ground thaws, if it was not done last fall. All of them will bear liberal manuring, and will pay well for it. Prepare the hotbeds as early as possible. Every farmer should have one, in which to grow his supply of lettuce, cabbage and tomato plants. If a few potatoes are sprouted in the hotbed they can be transplanted when others are planting potatoes, and about two weeks can be gained in the time of growing. Some farmers also go so far as to start their sweet corn, cucumbers and a few other vegetables which they wish to obtain early in this way.

Earth in the Stable.

Nothing will purify and keep a stable so free from odors as the free use of dry earth, and every one keeping horses or cattle will find it pays to keep a heap of it at hand, to be used daily. A few shovelfuls of earth scattered over the floor after cleaning will render the air of the apartments pure and wholesome. The value of the season's manure pile may be largely increased by the free use of such absorbents. The strength of the gases and liquids absorbed is retained, and is the very essence of good manure.

Sweet Clover.

Professor Alvord states the best time for cutting sweet clover to be when it is in full bloom. A few plants will scent a whole barnful, and thus give the requisite flavor to the hay without the cattle ever coming into contact with it as a food. Since all these flavors are caused by volatile oils, it may be that chemists can furnish the requisite oils without feeding anything specially to produce them.

Things to Do and to Know.

This is the time for building hot beds.

North America produces annually over 100,000,000 pounds of honey, worth $15,000,000.

Chloride of lime in the runways of rats will both drive them away and serve as an excellent disinfectant.

Haul out manure for your orchard this cold weather. But don't put it close up to the trunks of trees. Put it two to three feet away.

Farmer—That is a voracious pig. I gave him a pailful of slop which he drank all up, and I picked him up and put him in the bucket, and the blamed thing didn't fill it half full!

Iowa is trying to revive the grange organization. It should never have been permitted to die out in any of the states. The south seems to be going ahead with it better than the north.